

Nice's Guide To Reaching The Epitome Of Badassery

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Summary: Nice and the crew are heading out for a little case someone requested that day. It's a normal, everyday business for them in Yokohama, but there's a little twist. Hamatora isn't a detective agency, it's a hit man gangster squad. Follow Nice, the mafia boss, as he heads out on his little adventures of retardation.

1. Chapter 1

_I don't know why but I really needed to get this out. I was craving a badass scene and the music I was listening to encouraged my weird writing mood. Yup, this is my image of badass. _

If you cry about this being unoriginal: Damn! I'm sorry. I had to do it. Just push aside that little thought for a second and consider my retarded little drabble I literally thought out in five minutes.

I also saw the little amount of works this anime has. WTF?! This is a sign, people. We need to spread out. This anime is too awesome to have such a small amount of fics. It's literally depressing.

* * *

><p>The darkness shielded their proceeding forms, save for the occasional street lights that washed over their silhouettes. Hardly a noise followed their footsteps, the soles of their shoes barely making a whisper of a sound as they continued on through the shadow creased streets.</p>

They would've looked _totally _badass if that one height difference wasn't so noticeable, and also the fact that the midget of the horde was munching on a hamburger.

But, of course their ringleader still thought they managed to look the epitome of badassery, the yellow headphones hanging around his neck a stark and distracting contrast from their black clothing.

Black clothes that ranged from a trench coat sporting the spiky haired man, and a simple sweater and shorts from the burger muncher.

His blue eyes swept the sight behind him, then shifted his gaze straight forward once again with a satisfied snort. That's right. They look amazing.

"We look stupid."

"This is stupid."

"Yeah, why the hell did we have to wear this?"

"Even though I do look great, you guys should slow it down a notch."

"..."

Nice sealed his eyes shut and stopped abruptly, hands fisted and shaking at his sides. His voice was utterly strained, his ego shattering with each insult his crew threw at him.

"SHUT UP OKAY!? WE HAVE TO LOOK OUR FUCKING PART SO SHUT UP!"

With that little tantrum out of the way followed by threatened expressions from his partners, the brunet cleared his throat with a contradictory smile.

"Now, let's go."

And so they resumed their little walk, more than a few of them wondering why they were in fact walking when they had a company car that would look a whole lot sharper than showing up as they were.

In the lead was Nice, of course, followed closely by Hajime in her black sweater and shorts, leaning toward her fifth burger of the night. Murasaki trudged along behind the duo in his (un)fashionable trench coat, violet eyes exasperated at their situation and his sad position.

Birthday barked a laugh and muttered something about Nice being the psychopath he rightfully was. He wore a pair of black jeans and a plain black long sleeved shirt, hands laced behind his head and gaze wandering their surroundings behind his dark sunglasses that made even Hajime wonder vaguely if he could see through the dark lenses properly with his straying steps.

Ratio walked beside his partner in crime, wearing a fitting, black, dress shirt that hung slightly over his matching black trousers, a hand shoved in each pocket. He seemed indifferent about their predicament, his tired dark blue eyes tracing the outlines of the trees and bushes that passed by.

Nice strolled casually with a cigarette dangling from his mouth, brown hair ruffled from the light breeze in the night. He wore a full blown suit; dress shirt, tie, over coat, pants, all black. He actually would've looked pretty cool if he didn't have those headphones around his neck. And if he wasn't wearing bright red sneakers.

Anyway.

They are Hamatora.

The place you go to find closure in your problems and they fix it?
...You could say that.

Because Hamatora is actually a hit man group.

That's right. That one kid at school that looked at you wrong today?
Call Hamatora, and he is erased from existence by tomorrow.

Well, maybe not to that extent. They media was too soft in their eyes, and there are some people that simply need to be eradicated from this earth. Take for instance, Moral. No one was mourning that sick bastard's death; people rejoiced when Nice put his head on a platter!

So, enough with this short explanation. Because they had already arrived at the shady outhouse by the pier, lips pursed up at the tattered building. They exchanged looks from behind Nice, but trailed him protectively and faithfully when he moved on without a hitch.

They were shrouded in even more darkness when stepping over the spacious threshold, if it was possible in the moonless night. Nice appeared careless upon his entry into the shady building, but the subtle ticks of his eyes allowed his members to see that he was quite alert of their position.

Or so they thought.

Light crashed down on them, and hands were thrown into the air to shield unsuspecting pupils from the harsh glare. Nice clicked his tongue off the side of his teeth upon adjusting to the sudden burst of light, the group now surrounded by children with guns.

They wore tattered clothes that hung loosely off their scrawny forms, hunger etched into their very beings. Bags framed their wide, trembling stares.

They shook erratically, eyes large and the little hands gripping guns twitching. Hamatora gazed around at them with slightly sad eyes, but their attention was diverted from the pitiful scene to a heap of garbage in the middle of the concrete space.

Birthday was the first one to comment on the... peculiar(?) sight before them.

"Whooo~! What is that?!"

In which the 'that' glared down at the blonde, effectively making him cower and hide behind Ratio.

A small face was hidden behind a mop of pitch black hair, the tangles an amazing mess that parted slightly to reveal a pair of haunting red eyes. Her small form was folded on the throne of trash, donning a pale blue, ripped dress that reached her knees.

The girl didn't look too much older than the terrified children surrounding Hamatora, who now shifted around them nervously. They jumped horrendously when Nice took a step forward, his eyes latched onto the poor state of the child who called their attention. He disregarded the dangerously frailty the kids held, and they were strangely compelled to lower their guns upon it.

"You're... Misaki, right?"

A frigid stare was all he gained in response, and he took a long drag from the cigarette hanging from his lips, releasing a bout of smoke partnered with an amused expression. The girl's eyes narrowed and she rose, picking her way down the pile she sat upon.

Her tiny, bony feet slapped the ground as she neared Nice, a wave of her hand sending the children around them scattering in all directions and into the safety of darkness.

She stopped ten feet short of him, her sickly white skin glowing against the yellow gleam of the flicking lights above them. Her crimson gaze met ocean blue, the depths dead to match the rest of her forsaken appearance.

Her voice was small like the rest of her, rasping.

"Yes. I have a job for you, Nice-san."

He acknowledged and encouraged her with a quirk of his eyebrows and another long drag from his tobacco stick of lung cancer.

"You probably already know of the man conducting business around here."

He nodded and wafted his hand in the air, signaling her to make it quick. She hissed hastily and frowned, crossing her arms as she continued.

"He's been offing the kids I shelter here since they've been 'getting in the way', and I want him gone before any more of my siblings are."

Her eyes glistened and saddened for a second before shifting back to their original hard glint.

Nice threw a tired look over his shoulder at Hajime, who looked quite upset at the absence of burgers since she had finished the last off in their meeting. She came to attention with a small grunt when Birthday nudged her in the growing silence and Nice's patient stare.

She shrugged nonchalantly at him and pumped her gloves together, dark purple eyes reflecting the desire for more food she thoroughly expressed through her unusual hippity hop movement of jumping back and forth.

The butt of his cigarette flew to the ground and he put it out with his amazing red shoes, eyes lazily sliding back to the girl.

"How much?"

With that, a unnatural grin graced her features, a wad of cash plucked from her pocket and tossed into the middle of their group. Birthday yelped and outstretched his fingers to catch the healthy amount of money flying his way, but was harshly pushed away by Ratio, eyes on the prize as he mirrored the blonde's previous stature.

The bills landed safely in his waiting hands, a pleased look adorning his usually impassive features. He was quickly snapped from his happy delusions of visiting the special drug store around the corner from their HQ and investing in some special supplies for his special room. How special.

Hajime delivered a deadly punch to the now drooling man, grimacing at his twitching form on the ground after catching the money. She hugged the bundle to her chest and allowed envisions of a pile of burgers to flood her mind.

Murasaki managed to pull an even sadder expression and sigh at their struggling. All he wanted to do was go and drown himself over the dock just strides away.

Nice smiled sheepishly at Misaki, who looked less than pleased at their desperate behavior. His grin fell short and a serious disposition adopted his form, a hand closing around the protrusion in the belt of his trousers.

"Are you sure you wanna give us that much? You guys look like you could use some of it."

But the black haired girl only flipped him off and climbed back up on her heap of garbage like some demented little creature and disappeared behind it. Her head popped back up over it for a second to say, "Just hurry up and get it over with," then went back to wherever.

Feeling that if he questioned her motives he would encounter something even stranger, Nice simply nodded once with pursed lips, stepping over Ratio and out of the shack.

Hajime popped out from behind him and gripped the back of his over coat, in a great mood from being in command of their expenses for the outing. He threw her a smile and walked a bit slower to allow the injured Ratio and Birthday to catch up, Murasaki mulling close behind them.

"Now all we have to do is... oh."

He had planned on hitting up Mao, and then this shit happens.

A building on the harbor was lit and workers currently bustled in and out of them a good ways from where the group stood, a single, portly man watching from the sidelines and occasionally yelling out angry insults to whoever was carrying loads too slowly.

Other men would shuffle in front of the man skittishly and then shoot off after evaluation, making it quite clear who was in charge at the scene. Nice blinked several times and slowly began to trod in their direction, boredom swimming in his light eyes. How clichÃ©.

Murasaki, however, shot forward and placed a hand on his boss's shoulder to halt his progression. Nice shot him a questioning stare and waited for the spluttering man to regain some form of composure.

"We can't just charge up in there!"

Sighing, Nice glanced at the three silhouettes behind Murasaki, then back at his indignant expression. The look in his eyes made his grip falter, and he reluctantly disappeared along with the rest of the squad.

With the four of them missing, he began heading toward the obese man who now sat back on a large crate, carelessly scrolling though his phone and hurling insults at men that wandered a tad too close to the overbearing pile of meat.

Ohh, he really hates people like this. The protrusion in his belt grew heavier with each step, and Nice considered using the Glock today. Humming almost sadistically, his hands closed around the headphones hanging from his neck and turned his favorite song up.

He was standing before the man before he actually noticed the shadow casting over his form, beady brown eyes flashing angrily up into indifferent blue. The handsome brunette grinned wickedly, and the target's eyes widened in realization of his aggressor.

"H-Hamatora?!"

"Yummyporky-san!" Nice laughed dangerously and spread his hands out in a fake attempt at being friendly despite his hurtful nickname.

Yamabuki Satomi-san, known widely for his cheap antics in bringing up companies under false pretense and blackmail. He was notorious in Yokohama for getting rid of 'nuisances' that stood in his way of raking up cash and placing his company buildings wherever his clutches could reach.

Five foot five, reaching an astounding three hundred pounds at his height, frumpy, pale brown hair, and small light brown eyes. His face is quite wrinkly for a man of forty years, but it's not much of a surprise with how much he frowns.

Beads of sweat rushed down his chubby face as Satomi quickly rose to his feet and gazed around sharply, and finding no workers to be found to his utter betrayal. The wimps must've run away upon sight of the well known Minimum Holder.

He smiled sheepishly and rubbed his hands together, leaning forward in an submissive manner.

"What brings you here, Nice-sama?"

Nice almost puked when the rutty old man spoke his name, but managed a distasteful grimace instead.

"I have some business with you, Porky."

The gangster boss clenched a hand over Porky's arm and dragged him into the shack the men had previously been unloading. The lights blasted down unflatteringly on the sweating man, and he was sat rather roughly on a crate across from another.

Nice sat down slowly with a grunt, taking his time to check out his surroundings while Yamabuki fiddled with his fingers, heart thundering against his chest. He knew most only were visited by this group where victims to the missing, especially if the boss himself decides to drop by.

His piercing eyes fell back on the trembling fraud, a finger raising to scratch at the bandage striking across his cheek. Yamabuki flinched when he did, and visibly shook even more.

Now, how could he resist laughing when the man literally looked like a shivering pig in a suit about to shit himself?

Yamabuki had never been so scared in his life, and the traumatizing laughter filling his oversensitive ears didn't help one bit. Nice leaned back and pulled another cigarette from his coat pocket, lighting it while watching Porky.

Four shadows waited patiently in the dark, a number of struggling, muted workers piled from their corner.

He took a suspenseful drag, then decided to finally get down to business. Smoke billowed from his mouth and into Yamabuki's face, making him cringe and seal his eyes shut with the sting.

When he reopened his eyes, he was met with the barrel of a pistol aimed at his nose.

He squealed an unmanly piggy squeal and jolted back from his seat, crashing down on the floor loudly. His pain was entirely forgotten when the light passed over Nice's eyes, creating an unearthly, devilish gleam in his eyes. They looked simply dead.

He strode forward, gun lining up with the whimpering man's head as he continued to scoot backward, but his back met the cold concrete of the wall, scared eyes flicking from the barrier and back up into the unemotional eyes of the cold blooded killer before him.

Every other noise of the night dulled when his thumb drew back the hammer, the pistol making the sickening click as it prepared it's load to be disposed of through this man's head.

His cries fell on deaf ears as Nice decided to make his life a few moments longer before he dispensed his life for good.

"This is how all of those children felt. Remember this feeling well in hell, how you made innocent, struggling lives falter and disappear." His grip on the gun tightened his his eyes took on an almost crazed glint as he went on.

"This is good. This is_ so _good."

He stepped even closer with that demonic smile, and the others in the darkness vaguely worried for their boss's sanity.

His voice lowered to a whisper and he crouched low, inches from the raunchy stench of the cowering man's sweat. He gently pressed the barrel of his gun to Yamabuki's cheek, unwavering for a second as his finger tensed on the trigger.

"Now you know, Satomi. How it feels to be on the other side of a gun. And now you're going to feel those mindless moments of darkness before you descend into the depths of hell, where you'll lay in misery for all of eternity."

Somehow managing to muster some courage to speak in his last moment, Satomi's voice squeaked and hissed out from his teeth.

"I'll see you there."

Nice's grin only stretched further.

"You bet your ass you will."

Porky shut his eyes tight to waited for the gun shot, and it came.

Ricocheting off the walls and accompanied by a grunt of annoyed surprise.

His beady eyes popped back open and trained on a cloaked figure several feet away from him, in a stance that told the other man that he had knocked away Nice, the gun skating across the floor and steaming.

Sighing, the figure straightened and frowned down the brunet with beautiful violet eyes, and turning back to shocked still Yamabuki, appeared to have a charismatic little mole under the left.

The young man cocked his head to the side with an apologetic smile and helped the man stand, then abruptly released him and stomped to the place where Nice still grumpily sat on the ground.

The suited man crossed his arms and took an angry puff from his cigarette, blowing it out harshly after pulling himself to his feet. His headphones fell uselessly around his neck, music still blasting loudly from the set.

Art raised an unimpressed eyebrow, than stated calmly, "It's a wonder how you hear so well even with those on."

Nice quirked and eyebrow back and blew smoke in the pale haired man's face, smirking slightly when he coughed and swiped his hand in the air to dispel the smelling wisps of grey.

"That's an awful dumb thing coming from a smart man's mouth who is completely aware of my Minimum..."

Art sighed again and snatched the cigarette from his mouth, twisting his toes over the smoking bud. Nice found himself plastered against the wall, his best friend's hand fisted in the shirt around his neck and face inches from his.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

The brunet infuriatingly smiled back, shrugging lightly.

"I'm doing my job, Art. Why are you butting in?"

The confused Yamabuki-san could only watch on, shock his seizing his muscles, mouth hanging wide open. Nice caught sight of the gawking middle aged man and barked a laugh, only further angering Art. The hand on his collar tightened, their noses practically touching as Art seethed into his face.

"I thought you said you were done with this shit."

Nice's features grew distant and unattached as he replied, eye hardening on Yamabuki.

"I said I would stop mindlessly killing people. And I have." He tried to slip another cigarette from his pocket, but Art paused for a second to rip it from his hands, snap it in half, toss it over his shoulder and then resume their previous position.

Nice whined unhappily, "Na, I don't have many more after that one!"

The look in Art's eyes had him continuing dramatically from where they left off. His shaggy head of curls lolled to the side, crystal blue hues glistening as they gazed far off into the distance.

"I've _changed, _Art. I don't kill people for nothing anymore," he couldn't hide his rising grin as his eyes flicked into violet, "I kill them for money!"

The pale haired man returned his amused expression with a dead, fish eyed, exasperated one. Birthday laughed an obnoxious laugh from some distance away, not helping the situation much more than his leader.

Art released the helpless heap of crazy with a ragged sigh and a flourish of his stylish trench coat. His mouth was shielded from sight with the raised collar as he turned to glare at Nice again. He knew that the grinning idiot didn't kill for nothing, but he was a bit worried about how he was going about his business to bring upon "justice".

The former superintendent padded away, snatching the unsuspecting Yamabuki's shirt collar on his way out. The man struggled and flailed under his harsh dragging, but stopped abruptly when Art halted at the entrance and threw over his shoulder, "I'll take care of this."

It was Nice's turn to shoot him a suspicious glance, which gained a smirk from Art in response.

"I collect sins, don't I?"

Poor Yummyporky-san thought he was safe in the hands of his newfound savior, but found he was so wrong as the two men shared wicked grins. His little piggy squeals reached no bounds as he was dragged into oblivion in the night.

Nice scratched at his bandages in satisfaction and turned to find all of the workers knocked out in the corner, no longer girt. Ratio and

Birthday where squabbling over something like the latter leaving another article of food in his car, Hajime rubbing her stomach and gazing at Nice expectantly, while Murasaki shoved his hands in his pockets and looked displeased with his leader.

The spiky haired man stepped forward when he approached, jabbing a thumb at the wad of cash cradled in Hajime's hands.

"Are we still gonna keep that even though we didn't necessarily finish the job?"

Nice glanced at the cash and wiggled a finger at his assistant, who begrudgingly tossed it into his waiting fingers. He turned it over in his hand, seemed to contemplate it for a second, then smiled up at his crew.

"Let's go."

Wordlessly, they followed Nice back to the small outhouse a little ways down the pier, then watched him place the money back under a rock at the entrance. Hajime held back a whimper of protest, while Murasaki bit back a smile and 'humph'ed. Birthday wasn't all too pleased about the good amount of money and their expedition going to waste and voiced it loudly, but shut up mighty quickly when Nice shot him a deathly glare, eye twitching and all.

Even Ratio dealt the desolate pile of cash a sad look as they walked away, blending into the darkness once again.

"What a freakin' waste."

"Let's just hope Master is feeling generous today."

"Haha, that's not happening."

"Hajime, dine and dash?"

"I won't get caught."

"I'll kill Birthday if I do get caught."

"WHAT!? Why is it always _me?!"

Hit men Hamatora, out!

* * *

><p>Omake Excerpt Of Gold

"That's right! Hikaru deeeeees!"

"Ah- not this kid again..."

"I've missed you all, have you missed me?"

"I'm gonna kick his ass if I hear that legendary line one more time."

"Yade yade. It's just been too long, these past few days."

"Hold me back-"

"_Shining star!"_ Corny peace sign thing, "I know you've been waiting for me - _pueh_?!"

"Ahhh, who let go of Nice?"

"Shining_- ugh - _star!" *Intense gurgling*

"Jesus, Nice. You didn't need to go that far."

"Yeah, I don't feel like calling the paramedics today, either."

"Then don't."

Shady glances to see if anyone caught their ringleader beating a certain star in their alley

"Nothin' to see here."

"Nope."

"Burger?"

"Hajime-chan, you really know how to make a rich man go broke."

"So I just found this really cool bar..."

And that's how poor little Hikaru-kun bleed out in a dark alley, all by himself as the members of Hamatora made a sketchy escape.

* * *

><p>Omake Excerpt Of Extra Gold Because Author-san Is Feeling Saucy Today

"So, Nice, about your porn collection-"

_ "No." _

"Oh." Birthday faltered for a second but grinned widely again.

"Not even a little-"

Nice didn't have to say a word as his killer glare sent shivers down the prying blonde's spine, his mouth instantly sealing shut. But since hit man is hit man, of course he had to say something about his underdog's out of place behavior.

"Birthday, if you so much as _fucking breath _the wrong way for the next week, I'll shank you, clamp your mouth shut around that little taser of yours, and see how well you fare when I toss you off that pretty little pier down the street. Got it?"

He audibly gulped and gave a shaky smile, rising from his stool at the bar and wobbled out of the CafÃ© Nowhere. All was quiet in the hub for the proceeding hours besides the squeaking of Master's plate that never quite seemed to get clean and Hajime's satisfied grunts as she tore into burger after burger.

Birthday wasn't seen for the next week, and Nice's honor was never brought up again.

"His porn collection is his honor...?"

* * *

><p>So I'm not gonna lie... I had some fun writing this. Okay, I had a shit load of fun writing this. I might even consider doing a funny little series of these, it was so freaking FUN. _

I doubt I'll have a lot of views and everything for the saddening amount of attention this section of Fanfic receives, but the small amount I receive, do send along a little review and let me know if you enjoyed this. I might just keep going to get a kick out of it myself.

Thanks for reading!

2. Bitches, Man

Thanks for all of the reviews everyone! You're all super sweet. I plan on continuing this fun little series! I'm a bit surprised that you guys all want to see more Hajime, but that's definitely possible. I had originally planned on making her a regular in this short. I already wrote out most of this chapter when everyone started requesting more of her!

Hoping I'm portraying everyone correctly, and I even took up re-watching the series to get a good grip on their personalities since it's been a while when I finished Hamatora.

_It's kinda difficult to find random stuff to make up and set our precious hit men to go and investigate(_obliterate), but I find it surprisingly fun to put together a little mystery type thing. Oooh tell me if I'm doing this right cuz it feels so riiight._

The [] are going to be footnotes, each statement or word explained at the end of the chapter.

* * *

><p>A high pitched screech rang through and blasted the ear drums of those in the small CafÃ© Nowhere, heads snapping up and coming to attention at the obviously distressed outburst that came from the second floor. (Yup, theres a second floor.)<p>

Scrambling and a string of curses followed after the erratic members of Hamatora, Master and Koneko staying at the bar calmly. They never really were interested in the action part of their jobs.

Murasaki was the first to barge in through the door, Birthday, Ratio, Three and Honey crowding in the threshold after him. The worried words were about to fall from their lips until they took in the pitiful sight.

Hajime and Nice where settled in front of the small TV in the

attic-like living room, a blanket thrown over the two as they huddled side by side. Or, more accurately, Nice was clutching onto the stoic form of Hajime while she slowly popped chip after chip into her mouth, the bloody images on the screen throwing abundant colors over their silhouettes.

Yes, that embarrassing womanly scream came from the one and only, the gangster boss of Hamatora, Nice. He shook with large eyes, bottom lip trembling, leaning into and gripping the arm of the patient girl beside him.

The members of Hamatora all made equally disgusted faces, slowly backing away and out of the door, shutting it quietly as they left. They all settled in their previous seats, processing how and why they came to be under that girly brunet's command in the first place.

Meanwhile, said boss continued to squeak and hide his face in Hajime's shoulder when the murderer lashed out and magically chopped off the screaming blonde's head in the gory movie, blood splattering over the screen. Nice looked up in horror when Hajime even managed a small snort of laughter, mirth dancing in her fuchsia, slanted eyes.

"Hajime, how the fuck are you laughing?!"

She spared him a look of a rare show of emotion, exasperated.

"Nice-kun, you're a mafia boss, how are you so skittish?"

"So what? It's way different when you know who's killing you. How would you like it if I ran after you in some sketchy cloak and a mask?"

She only grunted in response and resumed watching the flick. Sighing, the brunet stood to his feet and hurried out the door, but not before he flinched at another ear piercing scream from the television and a creepy smirk from Hajime.

A ding signaled a customer has arrived, Nice's eyes popping wide open as he nearly tripped running down the stairs so quickly. His bare feet thudded loudly on the wood surface, squeaking slightly as he bolted to the front door. Let's just say that business has been slow for the past few days.

A frightened young lady recoiled when the mafia boss shot up and grabbed her hands in his, eyes bright and wide smile. She was quite disgusted that someone could look so excited to kill another.

"Right this way, miss!"

"Ah, okay..."

The woman was on the smaller side, almost as short as Hajime, petite with a supple bust. Her dark brown hair fell around her in waves, framing her delicate face and large sapphire eyes.

Nice seated the girl in a booth in the back, sliding in across from her. He leaned over the table, plucking at the collar of his black

sweater.

"Your name, and how can Hamatora help you today?"

The brunette blushed faintly at his closeness and averted her eyes, then opened her mouth to respond.

"Ryukai Mei. H-have you been hearing about the bar around the corner, the one co-owned by the sorority Yatarashi Gakuen?"

Humming, he lifted a finger to his cheek and scratched it, eyes wandering to the television on the counter a ways from their seat. The girl frowned and perked at his distracted behavior until he dutifully replied,

"Yes, I have. We've had a number of college students led back here via Birthday."

An obnoxious "Hey~," resounded from the bar, the blonde waving back with a cheeky smile. The girl cringed. Ratio frowned at his blonde friend ogling at the curvaceous girl, though he was more curious than reprimanding as he asked, "She'd never go for someone like you... right?"

Birthday squinted at the brunette, face screwing up to scrutinize her like some kind of a bug. He sighed in frustration, leaning back against the bar. "I think I've done 'er before. I'm drunk most of the time, but I'd remember double Ds like that from anywhere."

"Go on."

"Ah, yes."

Flustered, the bodacious babe reached into a slit hidden in the folds of her navy blue skirt, dropping a number of security photos onto the table. Nice's eyes returned and piqued in interest, eyebrows quirked.

Each of them held the same scene; a young woman seated at the bar alone, a man approaches soon after, offers a drink, and they're both gone in the next moment.

"My friends from the sorority would go missing one night after we went for a drink and a break, but then reappear the next. It took me a while to get it out of them, but the men in these photos slipped a roofie[1] in their drinks and..."

"Raped 'em."

Mei's eyes went ablaze at his unconcerned synopsis, teeth grinding as she leaned forward to spit out the angry words boiling in the back of her throat. Her disarray vanished as the brunet closed the distance between them and slipped a finger down her spilling cleavage, smirking deviously when she yelped and jumped back, face flaming in shock.

"Watch your tongue, sweetheart. You seem to forget who you came to and the reason why."

Though his features were playful, the statement was deathly cold and

had the girl rethinking her antics. She hastily thrust the photos closer to him, looking anywhere but into his prying gaze.

"Anyway, I want these guys gone. My friends aren't brave enough to come out and go to the police about it, and threatened to harm themselves if I did. I want them eradicated and now before their primeval schemes can develop into something more."

Nice shifted back against the booth with an anguished sigh, a pinky finger rising to pick at the itch in his ear. "Big words."

The sorority girl shot him an unimpressed glance before slipping out a good deal of money from her bra, eliciting an amused grin from Nice.

"So those things do come in handy."

Scowling, Mei slapped the cash into his face and rose from her seat, straightening out her black cardigan with a huff. Nice retracted when she whipped a finger in his face, leaving with the words,

"You better get this done, and get it done quick!"

With that, the big breasted babe[2] left the entrance rattling and Birthday's longing stare after her.

"No fair Nice, you got to touch her boobies."

Ignoring the blonde's comment, the bosom toucher used those very same fingers to splay out each picture evenly, lips pursed as he studied the correlation of events. It wouldn't be hard to put together the next time a girl would get attacked, but taking down the prosecutor was another story.

And something else wasn't sitting fine with Nice. He shoveled the pictures into his sweater pocket and sighed, heading out the doors of CafÃ© Nowhere. The others came to attention and turned to watch him, Ratio being the one speaking up in curiosity.

"Where're you headed?"

The head of Hamatora threw a sly grin over his shoulder.

"Off and around the corner to buy another pack of Marlboros."

The others exchanged looks, and moved to stand and follow until a certain small, raven haired girl silently appeared from the staircase and stopped just behind Nice. Everyone settled back in their seats, plenty reassured that their boss was safe within the scarily powerful palms of Hamatora's loan shark.[3]

Dealing Hajime a warm smile as she latched onto the back of his sweater, Nice slipped his hands into his pockets and pushed out of the bar's doors.

The city was lightly bustling in the later hours of the day, rush hour traffic coming to a calming stop. The sun fell over the metroplex softly, a peachy orange tinting the two shadows slowly making their way to the corner drugstore.

Hajime dutifully kept a close watch over her boss, hand clutching the back of his sweater as her eyes swept their surroundings in faint detachment. Her gaze rushed to meet the back of Nice's jaw as he angled his head to speak over his shoulder at her.

"You were listening on about the job, weren't you?"

She nodded her head with a quiet, "Mn."

"Then I suppose you'll be accompanying me this time around?"

An almost undetectable, small, soft smile graced her normally unmoving lips, head bobbing with slightly more vigor than previously.

"Mn."

Though she frowned when they entered the fluorescent lit convenience store and he asked over the counter for the classic red and white package, dropping it in his pocket after paying. She didn't quite like Nice's smoking habit.

He took the square carton out of his jeans when they left the building, looking around and finding a secluded bench close by. People gave them wide berth as the duo seated themselves, Nice unknowingly packing the cigarettes against his wrist. They were known a little too well around these parts.

Once his wrist was pink and thoroughly beat, he whipped out a stick and lit it quickly, slipping both carton and lighter in the pocket of his dark jeans. Hajime waited patiently through the process, knowing more than a few words were weighing on the tip of her childhood friend's tongue.

It took about four drags for him to actually notice her full on stare, jolting upward from his slouched position on the bench. He yanked the cigarette from his lips and offered it to the younger girl, who him waved off nonchalantly.

He jumped to attention immediately.

"What's up, Hajime-chan?"

Another long drag and peaceful exhale later, she carefully picked out her words and tested them.

"What's up, Nice-kun?"

Which earned a cheeky grin, Nice chuckling as he flicked ash from the cigarette nestled between his fingers. His lighthearted smile quickly fell into a contemplative, thoughtful daze, his eyes glazing over as he filed through the jumbling thoughts in his mind.

"Well, there was something bothering me..."

* * *

><p>Yatarashi Gakuen's bar was practically bouncing with the deafening bass thundering through the entire building, lights flashing so violently that they would instantly send even a normally

tolerant person into an epileptic seizure. Nice slit his eyes at an attempt to adjust to his wild surroundings.<p>

Hajime now held the back of his sweater with two fists, glancing around and sucking in every detail she could muster in the bar. Bodies thrashed and jumped to the beat all around them, more than a few clingy women chased off of Nice by Hajime's 'I'll fucking kill you' glares.

Though the second he turned and gazed directly into her eyes with that familiar glint, she disappeared into the throng of writhing, drunken dancers. Sighing, Nice dragged a hand through his messy head of curls, shoved his hands into his pockets, and steeled himself as he approached the bar.

His eyes easily traveled up and surveyed it's length, as well as it's patrons. Sparsely seated men, a few women. The only attractive woman was a tall blonde, hair curled intricately around her face, eyelashes thickened by mascara, and lips painted a devious red. A matching crimson dress hugged her not-so-subtle curves, visible even as she slouched over and rested her elbows on the cool, marble surface of the bar.

Taking the stool a ways down from the blonde, Nice ordered a whiskey sour and listened vaguely with keen ears perked toward the potential target on his right. The drink came quickly, and he took a sip, appreciating the burn that ran down from his throat, all the way to his stomach. In his few seconds of bliss, he almost missed the dark shift around the blonde.

Tilting his head only slightly to the side, Nice watched from his peripheral as a young man slipped into the seat beside the already intoxicated sorority girl, eyes drooping and rolling as she turned to get a good look at the boy. She smiled and slurred a gracious 'thank you' as he ordered her another drink, promising to pay for the privilege of basking in the presence of a pretty face.

Nice couldn't help but cringe when he coiled an arm around the back of her chair, leaning in dangerously close as he fought the volume of the speakers blasting music.

The sharp glance, movement of several bodies in the crowd, and fizzing in the bottom of the girl's drink didn't go unnoticed by the trained eyes of the mafia boss as he lifted the damp glass under his fingers to swallow another body warming sip, condensation running over the burning digits.

He was impressed. They even had a connection with the bar tender, the young man having sneaked a pill into the drink a few minutes before finishing off the fruity looking margarita.

The woman gulped the delicacy down thirstily, throwing the smirking man beside her a pleased grin. Nice shook his head and stood from his seat, finishing off the bourbon and slamming it onto the bar before merging into the fray of college students.

He gradually made his way to the bodies hanging around the endangered girl, but a pair of hands clamped down on his arm stopped his progression. Blue eyes swiped over his shoulder and adopted an exasperated dullness as a giggling brunette suggestively peered up at

him through her eyelashes, swinging her hips to and fro.

Giving her a sheepish smile, Nice tried at prying the hands off him.

"Sorry, I don't dance."

But the girl guided his palms over her swaying hips, his face growing more and more sketched out by the second, before they ultimately landed on her bottom.

"Oh no, no, no, no, no. Sorry, I don't do college chicks."

The brunette slung her arms around his neck and pressed her breasts to his chest, melding her body forcefully into his as she murmured into his ear,

"You do now."

This bitch seriously couldn't take a hint. Nice internally pulled out his trusty Glock and put a bullet between her eyes. Wasting my fuckin' time.

>

He was about to brush her off brutally, but the girl was suddenly plucked off his body and thrown onto another. Blinking, Nice glanced down and met the unamused glare of his assistant, her hands slapping together to dispel imaginary dirt from her short work. The brunet's hand came to bury in the back of his head, another penitent smile gracing his sinfully handsome features.

"Gomen, Hajime. She came out of nowhere."

His eyes flew open in realization and, whipping around, already found the flash of blood red exiting out of the back doors of the bar.

"Aw, shit."

Following close after Nice, Hajime easily pushed away the towering forms around her, parting the sea of people with mysterious strength. Nice caught the flying body of a drunk male, a glimpse of the short girl behind him recovering from the throw. He took this small window of time to thank god that Hajime was on his team.

Nice burst through the doors and into the cold night, mist billowing around him and drifting off as his breath came fast and short from milling through the mass of the upbeat crowd. His eyes expertly landed on the struggling silhouettes juggling the blonde's limp body, slowly and surely toward a van settled in the darkness of the back alleyway.

Nice's eyes hooded halfway, shooting Hajime his famous, 'I am so done with this shit,' look. She only returned it with her blank gaze, thrusting her fists together beneath her gloves.

The headphones laying idle against his collarbone were lifted and settled over his ears with a demented grin, wireless sets already blasting his favorite song. Taking a lowered stance as a breeze ran through his hair, Nice watched the vibrations of sound form before

him in every color of the spectrum, the forever traveling waves waiting for him to latch onto their frequencies and command them.

His fingers came to rest against each other as the blonde was just about to be secured in the vehicle, Nice's body now humming with the energy he gladly soaked up. The sick adrenaline came running through his body, eyes narrowing as he tensed his hand.

One of the men frowned and stopped at the vague sound coming from behind them, like the snap of fingers. Well, damn right he was.

The second the suspicious man turned to survey their surroundings one more time, he was met with the hard knuckles of Nice's fist. He went flying into the brick wall, hitting the hard surface with a pained grunt. The other men completely halted their impatient struggles, eyes wide and frightened as they glanced around to find the perpetrator.

Though the injured man now moaning on the ground seemed to have magically flew into the wall himself, no one but themselves in the alley. Oh, and that really creepy looking girl staring at them from the corner.

Dropping the knocked out blonde, the men allowed her body to hit the concrete with a disgustingly loud 'thump'. They held out their hands in front of their cloaked forms, slick smirks widening on their arrogant lips as they slowly crept toward the little black haired woman.

Hajime watched on silently as they cooed at her to not run away, her nostrils flaring as they drew close. They almost wet themselves right there when the girl smiled cutely, her gaze not on them, but above their heads.

The perverted expressions were smashed from their faces as two of the rapists flew in different directions, the confused blonde left looking around wildly for the source. Nice brushed his hands together, planting a foot on top of taller man who was still left conscious after his blow. His red shoe ground into the boy's jaw, a grin of his own spreading his lips when he whimpered pitifully.

"O-oi! Who are y-"

Hajime shot forward and delivered a blindingly fast round house kick to the blonde's cheek, sending him in a full circle before collapsing to the ground. Nice glanced over his shoulder, face going blank as Hajime nudged the poor kid with her foot.

His head fell back and laughter poured from him, crouching to hold onto his jumping stomach and chest. Sick joy flooded his trembling stature. The tall boy underneath him shivered and stared up at the hysterical brunet with deathly scared eyes, his breaths coming harsh against the cold asphalt.

Purposefully cutting off his laughter abruptly, Nice's head swung forward and halted inches from Rintaro's (he took the kid's wallet), his face devoid of emotion as the white haired boy cried out from shock.

"Rintaro..."

The black barrel of a gun came into the quavering frat's view, his eyes stretching wide and struggles coming quicker.

"Any last words?"

"Nice!"

Nice slouched and his eyes rolled in their sockets, resting back on his haunches with an aggravated growl. Hajime padded closer, protectively standing over her boss as a familiar, pale haired, sadistic best friend revealed himself from the shadows.

"Art, why the fuck do you show up when I need you the least?"

The violet eyed man simply scoffed and pulled out a golden pistol[4], quirking an eyebrow down on his good(?) friend.

"I'm the reason you're allowed to run around and play on the streets like you do. Yo, Hajime-chan."

She nodded at him, but remained in her defensive position above Nice, the boy below him terribly perturbed by the unsettling sequence of events.

Nice's head fell limp and lolled, his eyes glistening in apathy. The blood lustful grin that split his face sent chills down even Hajime's spine. Art's face fell to match the gangster's, eyes narrowing as the fingers wrapped around the Glock tightened and flashed to Rintaro's temple.

"Don't interfere, Art, or I'll kill him now."

The young frat squeaked unpleasantly as Nice lowered his face, lips curling inches from his ear. Though his breath was warm as it billowed against the younger's neck, it elicited frightened tremors throughout his whole entire being.

"Rin, you're going to tell me who set you up to this, or I'll blow your brains out and hang you up on my wall."

Blood running cold, throat constricting, muscles coiling and freezing underneath the criminal's demonic glare, Rintaro was under an unbreakable spell. That, and he didn't exactly want to die yet.

His voice broke and shook, successfully breaking the lengthening silence that drew on and causing a finger to tighten on the trigger of his death sentence.

"A-a girl... that chick with the huge tits! Her name was Mei!"

Satisfied, Nice sat down on the ground next to Rin with an exasperated huff, tugging the carton of Marlboros from his pocket and plucking a cigarette free, swiftly ending the process with a flick of his lighter.

The white haired boy could only watch with fearful eyes as he

breathed a long drag, exhaling loudly up into the pitch black sky above them. He flinched when icy blue eyes raked down to meet quivering brown, an occupied hand raising high in the air. The Glock swung down, and Rintaro's sight turned as dark as the night around them, the back of his neck already swelling from the blow Nice dealt him.

Hajime waited as her boss shoved his gun in it's holster under his sweater, easily pulling him to his feet. She immediately directed herself toward the blonde that was potentially dying from hypothermia, as Hamatora were caught up in their little world during the beat down.

She held the girl's arm up with two fingers as if the unconscious girl was infected, then dragged her to the bar's back door with the same fingers. Nice watched with pursed lips as she did so, silently questioning his assistant's way of retrieving their client's 'friend'.

Art bent low and thrust his middle finger in Nice's face, retracting with a pointed, "Hmph!" as the brunet whined in response.

"What did I do now? You're so tsundere."

That earned a well placed foot to his gut, falling on his side with a cough as Art grimaced down on his curled outline. Shoving his hands in the slits of his cloak, violet eyes raised to the starless night, drifting to a close as a slight shift signaled his unlikely friend sat himself upright once again.

"I know you're dying to tell me about this well thought out plan." He took a step to angle his body, glaring down on his tobacco guzzling friend.

"Spit it out."

Closing his eyes and taking another long inhale of smoke, Nice leaned his back against the cold wall of brick, sorting out each detail in his mind as he did so.

(this is supposed to be that flashback moment like in Hamatora where we go back earlier in the story and look at the previous events, imagine them in your mind as we go along!)

"Alright, so this happened.

"This chick with really huge boobs comes in and I'm like, 'Oh, this is gonna be good.' Typical, a girl wants to get payback on some guys that raped her besties. But, when she stated her name, I remembered something Birthday had said one of the girls from the sorority told him. That some girl named Ryukai Mei from their class was shacking it up with a security dude."

Art frowned and moved to lean back against the wall as well, vapor streaming from his mouth as he replied with a skeptical, "And?"

"Well, Mei-chan gave us some photos of the victims, as well as the men preying on them. But where could she have gotten these photos, since we know how tight security is in the systems of

Yatarashi?"

His companion snorted and smiled, nodding. "Go on."

"So, the girl manipulated her cop boyfriend to get these photos, but there was something else about her that was almost too subtle to catch.

"She was unable to maintain proper eye contact with me after leaving a less than comfortable distant between us, blushing and looking around as she talked. Oh, that was super awkward for me, y'know? Like, who wants to bone a college student when you're my age? Don't count Birthday."

Art shot him an unamused glance, and Nice lifted his hands in mock defeat.

"Alright, alright. So then, after making me feel really uncomfortable, Birthday greeted her. But she flinched away from him after he did, then hastily looked back at me. Birthday also mentioned that he himself had sex with the girl."

He took a suspenseful drag when movement off in the near distance alerted him.

"So, she's obviously easy. I even touched her breasts and she didn't say a word of it."

"Nice!"

"Hey, she was being a bitch. Anyway, not the issue. I asked Birthday a few hours after I left about the girl. So, she ends up drunk talking after sex and told him her best friends were beginning to get on her nerves. She also spills out her life story, and about how she was raped by some frats a while back."

"Now, it's not too hard to put the puzzle pieces together."

He flicked out a finger for every single tier he ticked off.

"She gets mad at her friends. She knows the frat boys, who more than willingly came back to her, asks them to do a favor, they get equal benefits. A night at the bar, she chats up a security guard, they go home, they bang. He gives her security photos of the night the girls are drugged up and taken home. Mei-chan comes to us, requests the guys who raped her to get dead, but why is that?"

"It's a two-way revenge plot. A fucked up one at that. Her friends unknowingly get disciplined for getting on her bad side, and the men who scarred her for life are put ten feet under."

Nice startled out of his completed thought process when two fingers cut his line of vision, followed by,

"Gimme some."

Grinning, Nice tucked the cigarette dangling from his mouth into the waiting fingers, watching on in unhidden mirth as his OCD friend took a long drag of his first cigarette.

Unsurprisingly, he choked and spluttered, tossing the dreadful stick back into the welcoming hands of Nice. But not without thoroughly burning his palms as he juggled the jumbling Marlboro.

"That was so stressful to listen to."

"Imagine putting it all together and then planning around it. But Hajime helped out quite a bit."

He squinted around at the small amount of blood spattered on the ground, and the sprawled bodies of the little fratty boys. All of them were out cold, which gained an extremely pleased leer from Nice.

Deciding he had enough of the game, Hamatora's leader pushed himself up and off the wall, tossing his cigarette from his mouth. His fingers instantly flicked together before it could hit the ground, and the black clad gangster vanished along with the resounding snap. Art sighed and stood on his feet, waiting for him to reappear with the eavesdropping drunkard from the shadows.

But to his astonishment, the thrashing and writhing body he dragged from deep in the alley wasn't an intoxicated, misplaced kid, but a petite brunette with large blue eyes.

The angry hues threw back to meet the impassive gaze of her captor, widening upon contact as a small blush crept into her cheeks. She feel limp in his grasp immediately, and Nice's brow threaded together upon realization that the perverted college student was now enjoying his hands on her.

He shoved her toward Art, a few more curses falling from her lips as she harshly stumbled. The lilac haired man hid an amused grin from behind his collar, hand wrapping loosely around the hilt of his gun.

"So, this is the famous Ryukai Mei?"

Her head shot back up in panic, eyes darting back forth between the nearing Nice and the suspicious looking man before her. Her little hands wiped off imaginary dust from her dark skirt, replying cautiously,

"Yes. And?"

His deep purple eyes hooded in rising impatience with both her unjustified attraction, and now her ignorant faÃ§ade. Nice spoke up loudly from behind her.

"Don't play dumb with me, sweetie. I'm better at it."

She whipped around at the sound of a echoing click, and found herself eye to eye with the inside of his gun. If you haven't noticed yet, Nice thoroughly enjoys throwing his gun in people's faces.

Her eyes seemed like they'd swallow up her small face at any moment now, falling to her knees in disbelief. Her fingers reached out to the brunet, tears welling in her sight as denial made her lips curve.

"Y... you're not really gonna kill me, are you?"

His unfeeling eyes and grin was her answer, thumb cocking back the hammer.

"No way... no way! I paid you! I told you what they did to my friends!"

Her voice rose hysterically, face crumpling spectacularly.

"I'll do anything!" She shot up on her shaking legs, weaving around the gun pointed at her head, fear seizing her thought process as her hands fisted in the front of Nice's sweater. Her body molded dangerously into his. His eyes still stared stoically into hers as her lips inched closer, Art watching on in quiet glee.

Her breath wafted sweetly over his mouth, yet made his nose scrunch and lips weigh down.

"You're really cute, y'know? I thought you were attractive the second I walked into your doors and saw you, Nice-kun."

A small smile of victory graced her features when the hand holding his gun slipped the weapon back into it's pouch between them, her arms coming up to loop around his neck. She tilted her head and gazed at the tempting swells of his lips, then back up into his unreadable eyes.

"I _love _bad boys... I'm so sick of dating that old cop."

Mei stopped growing closer when his face finally adopted an expression, a confusing one at that. His sight wasn't set on her, rather behind her, nervous as they traced the steps of another.

She frowned, then shrieked when her body was sharply plucked from Nice's. Boisterous laughter from the cloaked man filled her ears and made her blood run cold, her gaze slowly sliding to meet glowing fuchsia eyes. The glare was so intense and inhuman like that it made her scream again.

Nice made an annoyed noise and closed his eyes, pinky finger raising to dig deep into his ear.

"Stop yelling so much!"

Ryukai's movement was arrested by her lack terminal thoughts, mind racing, her swinging legs coming to a stop as she succumbed to obediently dangling in the air. Hajime easily kept her smaller body suspended, fist twitching with the pent up anger she contained behind her poorly composed facial features. The brunette looked about ready to release a dump in her panties from the sterile stare.

Hajime's voice came out soft, but dulled their surroundings and the beat of the bass in the bar.

"What were you doing with taichou[5]?"

Ryukai desperately tried to swallow the tight lump in her throat, fear streaking in her chest as her little pink lips parted to reply in her angst tone,

"I was offering him a form of payment."

The faithful assistant narrowed her eyes, hand tightening on the back of Mei's neck.

"Sorry, we only take cash."

The muscles tensing Hajime's shoulder told a simple story: This bitch was about to be hurled repeatedly into the wall and left for dead.

"Wai-wai-wai-wai-_wait, _Hajime-chan!"

She gazed over her shoulder in question at Nice, looking slightly irked that he interrupted her forthcoming assault.

And, for the first time like, _ever, _Nice turned to Art. His violet eyes lit up in pleasant surprise, brows raising as he anticipated what the brunet was going to say.

"Art, do you mind taking care of this?" His hand buried itself in the back of his head, gaze restyle wearily on Hajime. "I've already done most of the work here."

With a enormously pleased grin, the pale haired man with whereabouts unknown twirled his gun on his index finger, then shoved it into his pocket.

"Sure thing, Nice."

He leaned in close to the trembling girl, then whispered,

"I'll make sure to thoroughly collect and cleanse you of your sins."

A similar scene came about as gangster boss and assistant watched the sadistic man drag away the poor girl, faintly wondering what the news headline would be in the morning.

Nice glanced down on Hajime, her own eyes drifting up to meet his.

"Wanna go grab something at McDonalds?"

She instantly beamed up at him, face as expressive as it could be.

"Mn!"

Down the alleyway the two dark silhouettes receded, one much taller than the other and whistling an eerie tune, the other barely reaching his shoulder and walking with a slight, uncharacteristic skip in her step.

* * *

><p>[1] Look it up on urban dictionary, you won't regret it.<p>

[2] I'm not belittling my gender. I'm comfortable with my gender, but

I was just screwing around with the multiple names for boobs to use, and was kind of in the mind set of Birthday at the time. And in case this made you wonder, I'm straight.

[3] Playing around with the idea of Hajime being a loan shark. It'd definitely be funny to see the shortest, most (seemingly) unthreatening member of Hamatora showing up at your doorstep, saying in that monotonous voice of hers, "Where's my money?" Also an unsurprising factor to add in this story since their business is far from legal.

[4] Because who wouldn't take this gangsta pistol from a crazy dead man's hands? Moral looked like a G when he put multiple holes through Art, and now he wants to carry on the legacy of being a psychopathic bitch!

[5] It means boss.

* * *

><p>Now we're at the end

Whoowee that took me a good amount of hours to whip up. I had fun with it, and easily complied with the people wanting Hajime in! Awkward ending is awkward, I know.

_Anyway, I don't know which prompt to do next. _

1. Halloween (this one's a funny one)

2. Ballroom Assassination (this one is fun with more HajimexNice)

I'll leave it to you guys to decide. Thanks for the reviews and follows!

3. Spilt Blood Won't Wash Out 1

_So this was a random little draft sitting in my, well, drafts, for a while. I made it after the last episode of Hamatora, and was inspired by Art's little change of heart at the end to make a one-shot. Disregard the new season with me for a bit in this story, as I made it before it even came out. _

_I also wanted to give you guys a little something while you continue waiting for me to come out with the next chapter, which is either going to be the Ballroom Assassination or a background on our _hit men group's foundation. Halloween has been outvoted, and will be intact after these chapters._

Ema is an OC, of course. Enjoy, lovelies!

* * *

><p>Rainfall thundered and lulled over the ground, throwing up drops that blended together and casted an almost white fog a few inches above.<p>

Even over the roar of water hitting asphalt, the erratic pounding in

his chest that almost deafened him, everything seemed to dull and fade for her soft voice.

"If it's my time, so be it. I won't stop you."

Time seemed to slow as raindrops poured down on them, racing down panic-stricken and calm faces. Their clothes clung to their bodies, but it was the least of their worries.

His breath hitched, violet eyes stretching wide, arm attempting to collapse itself holding the heavy burden that his fingers just wouldn't seem to let go. She appeared to notice his deter, her eyes sad despite her forewarning.

"I don't know what happened to you, but if you let me, I'll listen."

And why he agreed, it was beyond him.

Her apartment was conveniently close and nicely sized, the young woman explaining she lived by herself and had since the day she turned eighteen. She didn't waver at all with the fact that a bloodied man, armed, was strolling through her small complex so causally. In fact, she seemed to welcome it.

She asked for his name, and he couldn't help but hesitate. Those uncontrolled thoughts flashed through his mind, what if she is a spy, some kind of a cop, and is out to dismember him and hand him over to higher authorities for his transgression when he let his guard down?

A small, warm, delicate hand landed on his own and he was fiercely shed of his degrading thoughts, her chocolate brown eyes only waiting for the simple answer. He allowed himself to relax a notch; there's no way such a doe-eyed woman could be a feral beast. Not like him.

"Art."

She finally smiled, and he felt compelled to ask her the same. Since he was occupying her couch and all.

"What's yours?"

The short-haired brunette blinked several times before casting him an even softer smile, retracting back from his seat on the armchair.

"My name is Ema." Her friendly grin faded and she sat in the love seat next to his perch, frowning lightly. Art felt his heartbeat quicken once again, the dreadful sense of being cornered returning under her scrutinization. Ema's eyes widened as she lay a hand on his once more, and the disheartened man felt a stillness wash over him at the contact.

The mysterious tranquility faded when a tremor ran up Art's spine and his eyes glazed slightly, hand slipping from underneath the young woman's and gripping his soaked shoulder.

Ema blinked several times, then glanced down at her shirt. The white

button down was entirely see through in it's damp state, black bra framing her supple breasts clearly through the fabric. She gasped and quickly rose, startling Art in his fragile situation.

His eyes immediately hardened and hand flew to his gun at her sudden movements, but she only gave him a passing, red-faced glance before darting off and through a door to the far right of the room.

The pale haired man frowned faintly and threw a disgruntled look at his fast acting hand, sinking back into the warm couch to find some solace in his drenched clothes.

The apartment held an impressive view of the city, large windows occupying the entire wall across from where Art sat in the spacious living room. He could see the very same building he stood in only an hour before, his teeth gritting and eyes clenching shut at the painful memories.

Lurching forward, his hands raised and threaded themselves into the dampness of his head, slowly constricting on his scalp. No matter what he did, he couldn't rake the painful flashbacks from his tormented mind.

Art jumped spectacularly with a loud yelp when Ema crashed back out into the living area, stopping abruptly upon realization of her unsubtle actions. Her chest rose and fell from under a red cotton t-shirt, lightly hugging her curves. Black sleep shorts stopped just above the halfway mark on her thighs.

Her eyes widened at the overwhelming emotions that surged through her when her eyes landed on the crumpled form of her visitor, his shoulders sagging and quivering with the silent cries he aimed at the ground.

She strolled across the length of her home, caution nagged quietly at her as she closed in on the man's seedy appearance. She had to be going loony with her state of mind, bringing in a bloody, armed man, and carelessly moving to console him when he obviously was treading on a fine line of sanity at the moment.

Even as she watched his enraged and turmoiled emotions surge, coil, and shutter through the air in every color of the spectrum, she continued walking toward him until she crouched before him, hovering a hand above his shivering back.

Though her voice and presence was soft, they shot through Art's head like a noisy beacon.

"Hey, are you alright...?"

Ema didn't so much as flinch when his face popped up suddenly into her line of vision, violet hues frantic as they pierced into her soft brown. He heaved, sending sweet breaths across Ema's lips. She pushed down the inappropriate blush rising to her cheeks at the closeness, trying desperately to focus on the fact that this man was in need of positive attention, immediately.

Art's head cleared a fraction when the girl didn't seem the least bit frightened at his unpredictable mood swings. He was intrigued - and slightly amused, even - when she remained stoic in his dangerous

condition.

Though the innocent, blazingly warm hand that rested on his cool shoulder, the naïve gaze she offered him, the way her curly brown hair cascaded charmingly down her small stature, it all made him go madder. The sickness that dwelled in the back of his mind fogged over his conscious again, it made him want to break that innocence with both of his dirtied hands.

But the small breath she sucked in, the cute little smile she gave him made his hands twitch to a stop. His wide, frightened eyes dragged from her pure ones, and down at her palms. He couldn't believe such thoughts crossed his mind. A bitter laugh left his lips. Of course they would, after the events he just passed through himself.

Though he said nothing, young Ema seemed to know exactly what Art was thinking. It unnerved him, even creeped him out in the slightest. Sure, she was pretty attractive, but he didn't want anything to do with anyone who could sense the disturbing things running through his cracked sanity.

She took his hands in her own and tugged on them when he stared up at her blankly, urging him to stand. He complied hesitantly, trailing behind the shorter girl as she lead him back to the room she had barreled into moments before.

He was still processing the events in his mind to realize that she had called his name, several times, jumped up and down in front of him, clapped her hands and yelled, even flashing him when she continued to receive no reaction from the shocked man.

A small crease knit her brows together, a sigh ghosting over her lips as she took a step toward Art and began unbuttoning his suit. His eyes fell down on her head, watching her through misty eyes as she stripped him of his clothes, until he only stood in his boxers.

By now, Ema's face was completely red as she turned the man around and pushed him toward a door in her large room, reaching around him to open wooden barrier to reveal a bright bathroom. Finally remembering himself, Art planted his feet over the threshold, turned, and caught the unprepared girl in his arms.

She blushed furiously and backed away sharply, thrusting out a towel. She had absolutely no idea what to do now, with Art's growlingly amused expression perturbing her even further. He wouldn't budge.

Who could blame her, having no father figure or brothers in her life made her distance herself from the male population, growing up with only female friends and avoiding the opposite sex when need be? She had absolutely no experience with men, and here she was, in the arms of an extremely attractive, full blown man.

She was beginning to regret taking him in with the newfound smugness laced through his features. So what, he was really fucking hot? Does that make you king of the universe?

Finally, when he reached out and (purposefully) raced his fingers along hers to grip the plush towel, she spun on her heel and raced

out of the door, yelling on her way out,

"There's clothes on the bed for you after you're done!"

With a smirk, he closed the door behind him and enjoyed a long, hot shower.

Art couldn't believe the behavior he was adopting at such an inconvenient time, but found that he couldn't stop the little charade with Ema's reactions. He wouldn't get attached, no, but that didn't mean he couldn't tease the cute girl.

* * *

><p>So, he ended up staying the night (on the couch, of course), which turned into a weekly stay, which turned into a monthly stay, which turned into a residential stay.</p>

The cops were after him for the death of a certain detective, his own men scouring the streets to put the deranged man in handcuffs. It was sad to watch from up on high in the apartment he now called his home, but his little roommate certainly made up for it.

Ema was very wary of him in the proceeding weeks, making sure to put a proper amount of distance between the two as often as possible. She clearly wasn't used to contact from the opposite sex, and displayed it in the simplest of moments. All he would do was ask about work, and she blushed up a storm and stuttered adorably.

He had sensed something out of place with her, and finally had the gall to voice his suspicions soon after he regained some form of humanity back.

"Ema, do you have a Minimum?"

She halted her tea brewing, kettle paused mid-pour as her large brown eyes extended further in surprise. After setting the whistling pot back down on the counter and brushing a wisp of hair behind her ear, the brunette smiled sheepishly.

"How'd you figure it out?"

Jealousy ripped through Art's chest before he could help it, averting his violet gaze sharply down at the ground. His long, slender fingers played with the hem of his black t-shirt, brows furrowing in embarrassment at his uncontrolled thoughts.

Ema sighed when as her eyes followed the writhing mass of irritation flow around Art.

"I can see and distinguish emotion."

His eyes snapped back up when a small hand coaxed his own to cease their nervous dance, finding Ema standing above him with a caring smile etched on her lovely lips.

"Please don't be like that. You are perfect the way you are, Art. You are much more admirable than me," she laughed bitterly, "and just because you have a Minimum, doesn't mean you are someone special."

Art allowed the appreciation in his heart to well and overflow, every muscle that tensed at her conformation relaxing in satisfaction at her praise. He couldn't hide the adoring smile that tugged at the corners of his mouth, a small chuckle leaving his mouth.

Ema almost sighed in relief as a wave of pleasure and comfort hung around Art in a rosy, warm haze, almost losing herself in the renewed atmosphere. His sweet voice knocked her out of her reminiscing.

"You're one of the first to say that without conviction."

Of course, he was talking about not having a Minimum. In fact, she was obviously unhappy with possessing such powers.

She smiled again, though it seemed much more strained than the last.

"Well, yeah. Everyone either regards people like me with hate, or they worship the ground we walk on. I want to be equal, nothing more, nothing less"

Her eyes cast down at the ground somberly, now freely expressing her worries. This came as a slight shock to Art; she always was smiling and happy, no matter what crazy abnormality he conjured into her quiet life.

His palm flipped, fingers lacing through her silky soft ones. A gentle smile pulled at Art's lips as the girl glanced up in astonishment at the kind notion. His brain almost disintegrated into unfeasible mush when he leaned forward and sucked in the enchanting scent of Ema. She smelled of lavender. How fitting.

"You are an equal, Ema. You're human, just like the rest of us. Sometimes it just takes longer for others to notice."

He thumbed away the salty tears that rushed down her cheeks, trying to hold back the sob that clutched her throat but failed entirely. Art pulled the anguished young woman into his lap, cooing words of appraisal and sweet nothings in her hair at an attempt to help her find closure.

That was the warm afternoon Art truly let go of the promise to himself, dropping his walls and letting this girl into his heart. He told her stories of his past life with a silly yet intelligent brunet detective, an agency that always backed him up when he needed it, and a loyal assistant that nagged him incessantly to eat properly when he stayed up late to uncover stubborn crimes.

Her cries died down as he went on, the sun crawling across her cheek and urging her to open her swollen eyes and observe. Her legs curled further on the comfortable seat she called her friend(?), hand fisted against the front of his shirt. Her head was buried in his chest until she leaned back to get a good look at his face.

Art's beautiful eyes where drooping sadly as he went on, arms tightening protectively around Ema's small outline as he finally revealed the events of a night he'd never forget. The death and birth of a madman, the disposal of an irreplaceable treasure.

He had pulled the trigger on his own friend, missed, but watched as he hurled himself and a comrade out into the open sea. There's no way they're alive, he said. As the tears rolled down his cheeks, he repeated the same agonizing line over and over again, eyes fading out of awareness.

And that was the last straw for Ashitaka Ema. She couldn't take the loneliness in his voice and features, and decided to bury it along with her own.

Her fingers clasped his wet cheeks, cutting off his droning speech and making his eyes pop wide. Her set, determined eyes brought him back to reality, his hands moving to curl around her wrists.

"Art, you are not alone, do you hear me?"

He only resumed staring at her with his tender lament, eyes glistening once more. Her hands tightened their grip on his face and yanked them closer.

"You are not alone. Not while I'm around."

Her brows relaxed as she went on, soothng words caressing and repairing Art's shattered heart. He could truly feel her pure intentions behind them.

"Ever since I took you in, you've had me. Even when you were cold at first, unwelcoming to me, I was still there for you. And, as time went on, you finally started to show your true colors to me, Art. Extravagant, inexplicable colors."

One of her hands left his face, a finger catching unseen streaks of these colors in the air around them. Her gaze left his only for a second to watch the benevolent peachy hue slither and brush against her skin.

"Your peaceful, restful emotions."

A soft shade of coral dotted the space around them.

"Your happy, appreciative emotions."

A deep, dense blotch of purple wandered above their heads, casting a cool shudder down Ema's spine.

"Even your lonely, guilty, and misplaced emotions, Art. I accept them all, because they reflect what all humans feel."

Her hand returned to his cheek, her thumb running over his skin affectionately.

"What I feel."

One beautiful, overwhelming, and overpowering color stood out from the rest. The one that only grew in size and spread through the entire room as Art's eyes hooded with each word she spoke, the vermillion shade even exuding an enticing aroma with its brilliance.

Ema leaned in further, her own eyelids fluttering tiredly as Art closed his own in expectation. Her last words whispered over his lips tranquilly,

"But my favorite is your unending love."

His lips were soft and hot under hers, passionately returning her bold progressions. What started out sweet and slow quickly meshed into an almost violent dance, Art's tongue tracing her lower lip, pleading for entrance. She willingly obliged.

Her arms coiled and sat around his neck as his own slipped around Ema's waist, pulling her against his chest. She couldn't hold down the pleased moan surging through her throat when Art dropped her thighs around his legs to straddle him, lightly grinding into her pelvis as his mouth left hers.

Her back arched and head threw back as he continued his ministrations on the delicate column of her throat, lips latching onto Ema's racing pulse. Her eyes shot open and pierced the ceiling when he bit down on her skin, no doubt leaving a mark for her to cover up later.

After the sharp - but not unpleasant - pain he inflicted on her, Ema remembered herself. Abruptly, she flung herself from Art's grasp and onto the plush carpet, face reddening by the second at the burning in her lower belly and heaving breaths she sucked in and pushed out at their encounter.

There had been moments when he had gotten too close for her comfort or accidental touching that sent Ema awl and scurrying away from him, but as he rose from the dining table with that sexy, predatory gleam in his eyes, she knew she wasn't escaping this time.

And so she allowed him to capture her, to ravage her, and to completely and utterly bond them in body, as well as spirit. With the man she cries with, the man she laughs with, the man she loves.

* * *

><p>Ema was having the wettest dream of her life. And even better, it was the guy she had been daydreaming about fucking, the guy she lived with. Art is truly one fine piece of ass.</p>

Who knew behind this kind, selfless, and innocent demeanor, a whole world of kinky desires arose from the pit of her stomach and into her mind? She certainly didn't.

Ema desperately tried to conceal her raging hormones around the drop-dead gorgeous hunk she picked up off the streets, but it shone through her jerky movements whenever he touched her. But what really sent her overactive imagination into overdrive was when she felt the blood red, satin desire float and curve around the room when the two were in the same space.

Never once in her twenty-five years of life has she actually felt, even tasted, and emotion. She could see them, but it usually ended there. But no, this man could truly conjure up the most carnal desires that left Ema in a hot heap.

Their physical attraction was a no brainer, that's for sure.

And so, here she is, thinking up the dirtiest things you could, even in her unconsciousness. Ema was truly converting to a closet pervert.

Or so she thought.

Sunlight washed in through her slightly cracked curtain, creeping over the ground and blasting through Ema's eyelids. They blinked open, a grin pulling at the brunette's lips as she woke from her deep slumber. She slept great and had an awesome dream!

Though, as she stretched, she realized the weight on her waist that tugged her back against something solid, very solid. Plated, rigid muscles played over the stunned woman's back, soft breaths tousling the hair at the base of her neck and eliciting a shiver and purr from the back of her throat.

Ema's hands flew to her mouth and clamped her jaws shut as the events from the previous night came flooding into her mind, possibly the longest evening of her life. One that consisted of passionate lovemaking with her hunky roommate.

Oh dear Lord. What has she done?

Her moan and sudden movement caused Art to stir, trying to bury himself back into the realm of sleep as his nose dove into the nape of Ema's neck. Little did he know, women's hormones are heightened in the morning and his sweet lips now rested on a sensitive part of her burning skin.

She tried her best to push away his involuntary actions, filling her mind with one satisfying fact.

Today is the day that Ashitaka Ema lost her virginity!

* * *

><p>Alright, abrupt ending, I know. This was fun to write. I'm thinking about making this as a little mini series in this story, weaving in chapter throughout my one-shot series. What do you guys think?

If you want me to continue this, then I will post another chapter
after all of my other prompts that continues off this chapter.

—

I know there is vulgarity in this chapter, but honestly, it's my story and I will do whatever the hell I want with it. I love you guys, but I'm sticking to my writing style and wandering thoughts!

Thanks for reading!

4. Ballroom Seduction and Mistakes Are Made

Halloween was barely outweighed, but here it is. I was kind of leaning toward this one too! I already started on the other prompt, since I had a bit of inspiration... you'll see. It's gonna be

daaaaaamn good. (I hope)_

Prompt:

Hamatora takes a trip to target's mansion for a ball for assassination

* * *

><p>"Where does this go?"<p>

"Not there! Don't put it up there!"

"How the hell do I put this thing on?"

"I can help you~"

"Birthday, stand back."

"Why is this sticky?"

"M-my boobs..."

"Damn, I look good."

"Where am I supposed to put my Glock? Jesus, I need a cigarette."

As usual, everything is peacefully chaotic in the ever exciting lives of the Hamatora crew, especially with a special job on their market.

Everyone bustled around the small, brightly lit room, the girls experimenting with make-up, the guys tugging at the neck ties practically suffocating them. Nice had completely torn off the claustrophobic article of clothing, having long tossed it out when Koneko came back to check on them. It was no use in reprimanding him and telling him to keep it on; he would pout and threaten her with Hajime.

Ratio, Birthday, Murasaki, and even Three all dressed in crisp, traditional black tuxes. The women had fun playing around and styling the boys' appearance, throwing some gel into Ratio's hair, some hairspray into Three's, forcing Birthday's glasses off for the outing, and raking poor Murasaki's hair back into a small ponytail. He scowled at himself in the mirror, mumbling angrily,

"I look like fucking Gasuke."

Nice had sat back and watched the entire ordeal, laughing wildly when the situation most definitely called for it (in his opinion) and snapping photos of their struggles to save for later.

Though, while he was enjoying his comrade's pain, Nice didn't notice the wicked gleam in the eyes of the women, slowly sneaking up from behind him until they jumped him.

Hajime strangely refused to partake in this activity, pointedly turning and covering her eyes as her friends shed Nice of his clothes and replaced them with what they found suitable.

And suitable it was.

A sharp, clean, white tuxedo. Save for his shiny black shoes and matte black tie (now discarded), Nice was almost blindingly brilliant in his bright white suit.

There was nothing to be done about his unruly head of curls, the waves of chocolate brown instantly springing back up the second any sort of product was applied. They succeeded only in smoothing out the stray wisps, his hair no longer shaggy and frizzy. Instead, the ringlets were clearly defined, glossy and silky to the touch.

To be direct, their boss was _smoking._

Honey coughed when Hajime's eyes stretched wide, and Koneko cooed at Nice, relishing in her well done work. The two instantly snapped out of their little worlds at her sobering hacking, shooting her grateful glances while Nice only stared at them in confusion.

From the pile of clothes on the ground, he lifted his gun from his shirt and tucked it in a pocket on the inside of this jacket, grimacing at the tight fit.

"Let's just hope this doesn't fall out while we're dancing and blow Bessie's head off."

"Bessie? Who's Bessie?"

"Sounds like a hamburger's name..."

Sighing, Nice shot Honey and Hajime a tight smile.

"An example."

He gazed around the room at his comrades, smirking when Birthday grunted and pulled an impossibly hideous face as he tugged at his neck tie once again, scowling even harder when Ratio slapped his hands away.

Hajime plucked at her dress, poked at her hair, and twisted her foot on it's heel, admiring the work done on her. Her normally messy, raven black hair was smoothed by a light conditioning spray, the bangs hanging from her temples curled delicately and intricately.

Nice pursed his lips and raised his fingers to his chin in a thought expression as his eyes swiped her up in down, seemingly contemplating something. She stared back impassively, waiting for his impending opinion.

She was surprised.

A slow, sexy smile pulled at his lips, eyes twinkling with playful mirth.

"Lookin' good, Hajime-chan."

Which elicited a shy blush to creep into the unsuspecting girl's cheeks, her wide gaze meeting the ground at her hands fisted in the material surrounding her.

"You too."

Though he didn't hear her quiet response, as he was shoved roughly from the room by Birthday, the others shuffling out carefully behind the squandering duo. Hajime's blush intensified in embarrassment and she scurried out of the door with the others.

Hamatora knew that the target was fairly rich, as he was one of the main associates with Facultas Academy. They were skeptical about taking the job at first, since they were aware that whoever decided to ask the one group who purposely defied the academy's wishes repetitively out of hatred must have done their homework to know their reason. The client smartly used their grief to fuel the fire in their hearts.

Needless to say, the members of Hamatora were serious about this job. But not too much as to not snatch a few wine glasses from passing servers.

Music and light flooded their silhouettes as the group barged through the large, white double doors, Nice taking the lead and glancing around in speculation. The atmosphere was light and bubbly, the guests happily bustling about and conversing in blissful unaware of the coming events.

Koneko had already disappeared into the crowd, followed closely by Honey and Three.

Hajime was so caught up in her surroundings that it took her a long minute to register Nice's hand reaching out in her vision.

I listened to Clair de Lune (Twilight) during this scene.
Disclaimer: I don't like and don't own Twilight. Or the song. (I like the song)_

Nice smiled gently down on the young woman that had grown so much before his eyes, blossoming into such an extravagant flower before he could even blink. A demur little flower that ate, or beat up, anything crossing it's path.

Her black dress hung off her shoulders, subtle frills cascading down it's impressive length. The material was surprisingly silky to the touch, complimenting both her hair and eyes. The neck line dipped haphazardly above her cleavage. Nice caught himself staring a breath too long numerous times, internally chastising himself for creeping on his faithful assistant.

Hajime couldn't hold contain the bubbling sensation boiling in her chest, knowing full well that the excitement was seeping out through her eyes. She couldn't tear her fuchsia gaze from his, the enchanting blue almost immobilizing her with the charming, loving attention she received from them.

Her breath was ripped from her lungs when he snatched her hand and walked backwards with her onto the dance floor, the bright lights from the crystal chandelier bouncing off the walls and catching in the already blinding brilliance from Nice's suit, making his silhouette glow with an almost angelic aura. That's new. Nice, angelic.

The song was a light, yet bittersweet melody, softly wafting around the room and holding it's guests in a beautiful trance. It lulled the patrons into a dreamlike state, not the slightest noise but the gentle hush of the piano notes hanging in the warm air.

Nice swept Hajime into his arms, the small grin still present on his face as he lay a hand on her waist, the other lifting her hand at their sides. She complied and rested her palm on his shoulder, returning his simper with her own, infrequent smile, unknowingly striking home in Nice's already battered heart. It fluttered wildly in his chest, his cheeks growing warm and tingly from the sudden rush of blood through his body.

This woman will be the death of him.

The others melted into the shadows of the ballroom, weaving through the enormous columns of cream stone, occasionally stopping to snicker at the lovestruck expressions of boss and assistant.

Both of them were fully and completely aware of the mission at hand, that they waltzed only feet away from their target, but brushed aside the notion for the time being. This moment was too perfect to be disrupted.

The ground seemed to drop beneath their feet as the two stepped in time with the serenade, movements almost subconscious as they continued to gaze into each others eyes. Hajime felt an oncoming blush rising to her cheeks, ducking her head to avoid Nice's harassment.

He frowned when her lovely eyes disappeared under her bangs, fingers trembling slightly in his careful grasp. He squeezed her hand in reassurance, still unsure about her abrupt change in attitude on the dance floor.

A wild pang thronged in his chest when her gaze snapped up to his, cheeks dusted a sweet cerise, eyes stretched wide in faint pleasure. Heart thrumming in his ears, Nice sidestepped and twirled Hajime and himself in the shadows of one of the pillars nearby, effectively trapping the shorter girl against the cool concrete.

Shocked, Hajime struggled out of reflex and habit, but stopped in her tracks when a hand caught her own, breath billowing warmly over her nose. Slowly lifting her head, she met those breathtaking cobalt blue eyes, Nice's face inches away from hers.

His gaze pierced and bore into hers, his body pressed against hers becoming increasingly noticeable by the second. Her whole being tinged deliciously as he whispered sweetly,

"May I?"

How could she say no to those begging blue eyes?

She sure as hell couldn't. So she choked out a yes, and his lips clashed passionately with hers.

They were soft and gentle, coaxing her gingerly into the unfamiliar dance, yet demanding and possessive as they roughly enhanced their

tempo. They claimed her and enticed her, teasing as his tongue slid slowly over her bottom lip. And, of course, she granted him full access to the inside of her mouth.

Hajime's first kiss, and she's gone to french in a matter of seconds. That didn't deter her, however, as his tongue caressed hers in such a way that aroused a fire deep inside the pit of her belly. She moaned into his mouth, more out of surprise at herself than the pleasure Nice continued to supply her with.

Just as she was about to bury her fingers in the silky tresses of his hair, the embrace was torn apart as a hand clamped on the back of Nice's neck, and he was tugged harshly away from Hajime's disappointed pout.

The mafia boss dangled in the grasp of Three, his unamused glare trailing from Hajime's growingly bruised lips to Nice's self-satisfied grin.

"Wipe that shit eating smile off your face, boss. We've got to start getting serious."

Setting the simpering male down, Three subtly titled his head in the direction of their target, the womanizing blonde darting throughout the crowd and closing in on any woman that seemed to be of his taste, with or without a date.

Nice sobered and straightened his collar, eyes narrowing and scrutinizing the unfortunate soul carefully. He bared his teeth in a angered snarl as the blonde's soft amber eyes landed on Hajime, who was dejectedly pushing her fists together in obvious displeasure of her missing boxing gloves.

"Smug bastard," he growled, moving to stand protectively in front of the unsuspecting girl. Hajime glanced up in surprise as Jagou sauntered closer, gaze unthreatened as it swept Nice up and down in disinterest. He simply leaned around the seething brunet, beaming at Hajime with a bright smile as he purred,

"Hey there, little lady. Is this," he paused purposefully, disgust flashing across his face, "_gentleman,_ boring you to death yet?" He outstretched his hand uncomfortably close to her body.

"The name's Uzanbecht Jagou. I just so happen to own this lovely ballroom you've graced your presence with. Now, I'd be happy to show you a better time than this guy over here."

Jagou didn't bother to hide the arrogance in his tone. Nice's eyes deadened quickly, hand flashing to his trousers as the light from his irises faded and his pupils dilated dangerously.

The glinting sapphire flicked to the side to decipher his raven-haired attendant's reaction, but was astonished when he found the same expression reflected in her glare. With a small, cold smile, she slid her palm in the blonde's, then clamped down on his fingers as hard as she could, adding some of her Minimum to the mix.

His fingers crunched in a second, honey tinted eyes shooting wide open as he drew back and howled in agony, clutching his crushed fingers to his chest. His cries where quickly silenced as Three

reflexly slapped a large hand over the Facultas associate's mouth, other secured on the back of his head. His arms flexed, and, with a sickening crack, his lifeless body fell to the ground.

Nice's mouth dropped open, quickly snatching the dead man's collar and dragging his body back against the pillar, shielding them from sight. After taking a swift look around to ensure no one was aware of the sudden misplacement, Nice whirled angrily on the taller man.

"Are you fucking _insane?!?" _He whisper screamed, fingers writhing in front of his body in agony.

"Since when did the job description say, 'Make the kill as public as possible'?!" Nice jumped at his subordinate, but was deftly held back by Hajime. His arms lashed out angrily and uselessly, eyes ablaze with a maniacal madness rarely seen, even by the members of Hamatora. Three suppressed a shiver as he replied sheepishly,

"I reacted out of habit, and he was yelling anyway. He would have attracted more attention that way."

Sighing, Nice allowed his arms to fall limp at his sides, relaxing as an idea formed in his mind. He turned abruptly and gripped Hajime's shoulders, making her blush faintly at the sudden gesture.

"Hajime-chan, I need you to do me a favor." She gazed up at him intensely, nodding when appropriate and lifting her eyebrows as he wrapped up the distraction. She bobbed her head once more before disappearing into the mass of spinning bodies.

A man walked behind their hiding spot, a glass of champagne settled comfortably in his grasp as he turned his head to study his fellow visitors. His drink almost slipped from his grasp as he squeaked in shock of the disjointed bone probing the side of the host's neck, eyes and mouth lolling open.

Nice swiveled around with raised eyebrows, sighing exasperatedly as the man's mouth dropped open to heave a shout of shock. Stepping forward, Nice shifted his weight and lifted a leg into the air, and in one fluid motion, brought the side of his shoe to the man's temple. He crumpled to the ground without a hitch, out like a light as Nice propped the second body against the pillar they occupied.

Three furrowed his brow, waiting for Nice patiently to fill him in. All he got was a simple, "Pick up Uzanbecht's body," but took the command instantly. Throwing the limp body over his shoulder, the large man made sure to keep his frame hidden behind the column of stone as he anticipated his next orders.

A obnoxious, croaking voice rose over the festivities in the ballroom, and with a crackle of electricity, the lights blinked out. Nice uttered a quiet, "Over here," and the two tore through the steadily panicking crowd as they followed the noise of screams and a loud explosion.

Murasaki stood before a huge hole in the wall, rubbing his knuckles as the members of Hamatora casually stepped out of the large

protrusion. Nice nodded at Birthday as soon as they collected themselves outside, a rare form of appraisal. Hajime allowed for a smile as the blonde genuinely grinned in satisfaction.

Ratio commented on Murasaki's tight ponytail in amusement, chuckling quietly as the taller man huffed heatedly and tore the band from his hair. He could barely contain his laughter as the usually spiky tendrils stayed in the exact same position from gel.

"That party sure was a BLAST, wasn't it guys?" Birthday cackled to himself, ripping off his overcoat and throwing it into the dark sky with a triumphant howl as it soared and carried with the wind. Their feet kicked up dew on the wet grass, swiftly dirtying their rented clothing.

"You're paying for that, Birthday."

"After I got us outta that shitty situation? I think not, thank you very much."

Nice pulled over his gun and clicked the hammer back, eyes very serious as he ground out, "I'm serious, fool."

"You got it, boss."

They walked off onto the dark street only lit by the limited amount of moonlight washing over their silhouettes, a stream of curses and bantering following their languidly paced gait.

* * *

><p>Sorry for the weird ending and all. I kinda just had to get this one out, since it's been long enough when I last updated this fic. Sorry if it's shitty. :(

I'll definitely make up for it in the next chapter! Up and coming is the background check on our lovely friends here in Hamatora, which will be out shortly since I've already completed most of it beforehand.

Thanks for your continued support everyone!

5. A Pier of Memories

The biting cold of winter stung at his half concealed cheeks, the tip of his nose tinting a light red as time bore on his lonely hours.

Blue eyes stared far into the distance, lifting to the pitch black expanse above, faintly wishing to be a simplistic being like of the shining stars up in space.

For a mafia boss, Nice has it pretty easy. He has his childhood friends as well trusted comrades, and lives in peace, even if it's in their own twisted form.

But that doesn't mean the ghosts of his past don't come creeping back on him, whispering tales of death and sorrow that his subconscious had so desperately attempted to erase.

Nights like these haunted him the most; the absence of the moon casting darker, feral shadows over every crevice and turn than usual, the echoing crunch of his boots in the snow, flakes falling gently, as if all of these elements mourned with him.

He never knew when his nightly walks would trigger and send him spiraling into the depths of memories, but occasionally they would, and all he could do is go along for the ride.

Yet the light of the city, blurred from his unfocused gaze, blended with the floating fluffs of white, creating a completely different atmosphere from the previous.

The sound of cars honking, people's footsteps and voices drifted from every corner of the almost mystical scene. Realizing where his feet took him, Nice allowed a small smile to tug on his lips, closing his eyes to relish in the newfound calm.

The pier was a familiar sight at times like these, a reassuring scene in the midst of the solitary gangster's troubles.

It was here. Here was the place Nice's life changed forever, after sustaining the livelihood of a scavenger at the primeval age of three.

He was too young to properly remember what happened to his father, but knew his mother had died in his birth. After his remaining parent vanished shortly after his third year, the child was left on the streets.

Cold, hungry, and afraid, the toddler huddled underneath a staircase in the pier to escape the unforgiving weather of winter, he clutched at the sorry excuse for a sweater left of his belongings.

It was there two young boys, about the age of five or six, came rushing into the dead stare of the blue eyed child. The blue hues glistened at their jolly laughter, chasing each other around snow laden harbor.

The round blonde stopped in his tracks, smile faltering upon catching the slouched silhouette of a tiny child watching from the shadows. His eyes seemed to glisten from the darkness, wide, innocent orbs frozen in their shock from being notice.

The kid lashed out an arm to stop his friend from tackling him, whispering something incoherent in the blue haired companion's ear. His own dark eyes stretched and roamed to find and settle on the abandoned child.

They approached slowly, trying to appeal to the small boy. Nice only gazed up at them inquisitively as they finally stood in front of him, vaguely wondering what possibly could have put those utterly content smiles on their faces from earlier.

"Hey, kid."

A younger Nice snapped to attention at the hand outstretching toward him.

"You okay?"

It was a saddening sight, seeing such a young child so cautious at his ripe age. But his little face split from it's tough facade at their welcoming, warm demeanors, his eyes swelling with scorching tears in the sterile night.

"Whoa! He's pretty cute, ne, Ratio?"

The one called Ratio shot his friend a reproachful glare, expression softening as he reached out for the tiny hands gripped tightly on his hunter green sweater. His voice was even sweeter, tempting the child to run straight into his arms.

"Hey, are you okay? What are you doing out here, all alone?"

With that, the three year old truly did barrel into the older's stomach, his little arms coming tight around the unprepared Ratio's stomach. He sighed and grinned, patting the brunet's back as he wailed, burying his face in the cozy contents of the jacket calling his name.

Birthday blinked several times, an uncharacteristic frown etching his eyebrows together.

"I don't think this kid's got anywhere to go."

Ratio's eyes grew lamentable as he continued consoling the bawling child, hoisting him up on his hip.

"Yeah, me either. Hey, what's your name?"

Leaning back, Nice wiped at his red eyes hastily, hiccuping slightly.

"...Nice."

"Nice-kun?"

He nodded, his eyes drooping as he leaned back into the comforting warmth of the older boy's shoulder. Exchanging looks, the boys smiled widely and began to tread through the snow again.

"Welcome to the family, Nice."

Soon after finding the abandoned child, they arrived at their destination. A small bar with rusted and flickering lights welcomed them as they stepped through the threshold.

"We're home!"

"Welco- oi! You brought another one back?!"

A huge, black, bald man stood behind the shining mahogany bar, pausing the circular movements of his hand on what seemed to be a coffee grinder. The blonde Birthday buried his fingers in the back of his head, laughing sheepishly as Ratio continued on without a word up the stairs behind Master.

"This is the last one, we swear!"

The man continued his task, grumbling under his breath.

"That's what you said about the last four..."

The dark hallway had Nice clinging to Ratio, eyes darting around nervously as the noise at the end of the hallway increased with each step. Smiling sweetly down on the trembling brunet, the two boys patted his back and told him he was in for the time of his life here at Nowhere CafÃ©.

The door swung open, a burst of light hitting the unprepared child's eyes, cringing away from the source. The racket became clear, and Nice slowly unraveled his fingers from his dilated pupils to study the new surroundings.

What he was met with completely astounded him, eyes stretching wide in disbelief at the scene unfolding.

Two boys with a soft hue of lilac hair wrestled on the ground for a toy, or more accurately, the messy headed one pinned the neat one to the floor to reach over his brother and tease him in victory, little fingers clasped over the train.

A little girl with uneven pigtails sucked on a Tanker-kun lollipop, playing with a device that fit well into her baby hands. She dressed in pink tights, skirt, and sweater, bright green eyes flashing back and forth over the screen seated in her palms.

A boy about Nice's age with spiky hair sat against a book shelf, watching the brothers squabble over who rightly got to play with their object of play.

All quieted down and sharply glanced up at Birthday's loud, "Heey!"

The purple haired boy with a mole under his right eye shot forward, a dazzling expression on his face as he hustled around the unsettled boy, hiding his face in Ratio's jacket once again.

"Who's this?! He's so little."

Birthday laughed and thumped the kid on the back, sending him stumbling a few steps. The boy grinned back, forgetting the throbbing in his back as the brown haired child peeked at his smiling face.

"Meet Nice-kun! He's the new addition to our little family."

First impressions of the unfamiliar company wasn't a great one, but as the night bore on, the warm and close atmosphere had Nice edging away from Ratio's side and toward the playing children, finding them happily welcoming him into their circle.

That night, he fell asleep between the polar opposite twins, waking up several times throughout the night when Art's little brother had thrown a leg over his stomach in fitful sleep.

He instantly connected with the two boys, the three of them inseparable from that night and forward. Murasaki was a quiet child,

but felt drawn toward the happy trio, and soon found his place beside them. Honey usually did her own thing or played with a man named Three that often came to visit the bar. Birthday and Ratio acted almost like parents, beating up other kids that teased their little 'siblings', holding them when they were sad and crying, or providing the entertainment.

The owner of the bar only lent a home for the wandering children, occasionally leaving food for them when they truly were in need of it. But that was a rarity, as from a young age as well, Birthday and Ratio had been left on their own.

The boys were exempt at sugaring up strangers and pickpocketing them, nicking enough money to support their needs, or straight up stealing from stores far enough away that their location wouldn't be figured out. The activities had Nice squirming at home, waiting for their return. And that's when the young boy's bad habit began.

He soon convinced his older friends to teach how to do such artful skills, and at first they flat out refused him. But, after a good few hours of incessant nagging, the boys begrudgingly gave up and taught the youngster how it's done.

But the scary thing was, the second they taught him to pickpocket and steal, he mastered it and showed them how it's done. It was no longer necessary for them to go out and retrieve the needed supplies for the family to get on, with the four year old bringing back enough food and money to keep them satisfied for the next five years.

This was where Nice grew up for the next four years, until one day his friends were suddenly shipped off to school. He was gravely afraid of their departure, becoming hysterical at the thought of being abandoned once again. The four years he spent in their loving arms was too much for him to give up, and that's when he revealed his own abilities.

He screeched and swung at Birthday's comforting coos, his hand accidentally clapping the bare skin of his arm. In his scared rage, the boy built up energy he didn't realize lay dormant in his body, until the second his palm connected with his shoulder, a myriad of color bursting into his sight.

His eyes widened in amazement, watching the spiraling spectrum run around him in winding swirls, wonder crossing his features as his hand reached out to touch the mysterious, thrumming energy.

The second he did, Nice found himself in a monochrome version of the bar he previously stood in, frowning. He padded over to the wall, confusion seizing his features as he poked at the wood.

The normal range of color in the bar returned to him, and he turned around to see Birthday gazing around sharply, his mouth dropping as he found Nice on the other side of the room.

The blonde explained what exactly just happened; the brunet was standing before him one second, then all the way across the bar in the next. As realization seeped into his senses, Birthday grinned widely, and told the anxious boy that he would be joining the others in school.

Nice was ecstatic, relieved at the fact that he no longer would be separated from his family. The kids went in excited and head first, having never been able to enter a school of any form because of their absence of parents, much less a guardian, offered the education for free.

At first, the academy was a fun, eventful game, but a time went on, Nice found the number of his classmates dwindling around him, and the remaining, besides his family, began to drift from him. He was hurt by their standoffish attitudes, desperately confused at their distant demeanors when school was so easy, life wasn't hard.

He began to finally see when he turned seven, only he and his siblings left in the program. The hungry expressions of their professors watching their every move with unnatural attentiveness, the praising that once made Nice feel proud now excessive and overbearing, even scary.

That's when everything began to fall apart.

The kids were about to board the school's bus to get back home, when Art's little brother forgot one of his belongings in the building. He waved off his company when they insisted on waiting for him, saying he'd just catch the next ride back.

The children sat at their booth in the bar, watching the seconds tick by on the clock as they sipped sodas, awaiting the boy's return. But, as the sun continued to fall, so did the their resolve.

They grew impatient and anxious, Honey beginning to wail when the sun finally set. Nice only sat quietly the whole while, his hands twiddling each other in his lap, eyes downcast as he went through the scenarios in his mind that he wished didn't worry him so.

The television was where it always sat, quietly blearing on in the background. But the sharp whine of sirens made Nice's ears perk, his head swinging up to meet the breaking news headline.

Fire engulfed the screen, ambulance and fire fighters flooding the scene and racing past the cameras, but that wasn't what made his heart stop. The familiar flash of a neat, white bus, now dirtied by burns and gravel, the broken vehicle portrayed pitifully as more information was leaked out by the second.

The Facultas Academy bus. The last bus to make it's trip around their city to meet it's children's destinations, destroyed by the tattered form of a large truck resting behind it's crumpled victim.

Nothing was the same after the accident. Everyone grew apart, withdrawing slowly after the heart wrenching funeral they attended. Honey began partnering up with Three and drifting further and further, until, altogether, they moved away and to Germany.

It wasn't much of a shock to see them going, really. They immediately isolated themselves after their friend's death. It happened to them all, but not exactly enough to send them out of the continent.

Nice's next few years were dark, a forecast of despair and desolate hopelessness that left him sitting in the dust and contemplating

ending it all without a flourish. What was the point, when his best friend was in the depths of depression at the absence of his little brother, his reluctant partner in crime dissolved into a stoney faced demeanor at all times, even more so than previously?

Though, through it all, Birthday and Ratio remained as their anchors, their lifelines of abundant energy that took one for the team, even if the team was acting like little grumpy pricks and didn't deserve it. Birthday never lost his flamboyant flare, and even managed to get a few laughs out of the empty shells of what used to be his little siblings. Ratio was always there when the bottled up frustration, anger, or melancholy energy needed an outlet, simply sitting and listening to each and every complaint. In the end, he was the pillar of support that turned around their views and aspects of life, that their friend's death was apart of the process, and that he truly is in a better place when pit comes to pat. He remained calm and whole, a breath of fresh air in their stale lives.

Nice hardened and became blank, a deserted canvas waiting to be streaked with a flash of life. He got the opportunity when a single, faint glow caught his eyes, a long, six years passed the time of Art's brother's death.

It was a night similar to the one burned into his mind as a young three year old, and he found his legs carrying himself to a familiar scene. A snow laden pier, city lights softly lighting the world around him. Snow fell silently, clinging to his soft brown hair as he stood still and breathed out harshly, white mist catching and billowing in the frigid temperature.

At the age of thirteen, Nice had become completely independent. He left the cafÃ© when he pleased, disappeared for nights on end, returned, and repeated the cycle. He wandered aimlessly, making sure to feed himself properly on carts that littered the streets, and simply taking in the sight of the city during his solitary phase. He had long left Facultas.

A soft whimper distracted the reminiscing boy, hand flying to the pocket inside of his jacket that contained a knife. His eyes caught those of a ghastly looking young girl, large, sunken, amethyst eyes staring back at his threatening gaze with one of apathy. Strange, Nice thought, for someone of her obvious misfortune to regarding him so disinterestedly.

He could't help but be taken back into the past, his body moving of it's own accord as he drew nearer and nearer, until he stood before the poorly clothed, fragile, trembling girl. Her hair was black as night, skin a sickly, pale contrast as it continued to lose it's color in the unforgiving coldness.

Nice found his arm stretching out toward the sad sight, watching the girl's eyes slowly slide down from his empathetic gaze to his open, welcoming, and warm palm with a deadness he understood only too well.

He smiled brightly and gently as she returned his gaze with slight distrust, her body carefully angling away from his.

"My name's Nice." Her brow furrowed a fraction, confusion seeping into her every bone, but, to her astonishment, a twinge of pleasant

interest filled her being. The wall she constantly held up began to crumble as she saw a beautifully painted future in those cobalt blue eyes, watching them come alive as her little hand raised to rest in his. Heat blossomed from the simple touch, the touch of someone with true intentions and potential and spread throughout her misused body.

"I'm gonna get you out of here."

* * *

><p>Alright, there it is. Basically after Nice saves Hajime, he comes back to life and becomes what he used to be, and gradually ties everyone back together again. Slowly but surely, the gang allows themselves to take the chance of being together again, and decide to create a business. How they formed the business is another _story for another day. Tell me if you're interested enough, and I'd be glad to do a one-shot of the coming together of it._

_Thanks for reading and reviewing, everyone! _

End
file.